Postmaster

The Essex County Herald.

W. H. BISHOP, Publisher.

ISUED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT—

Island Pond, Vt.

TERMS, $1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Essex County Herald.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY.

VOL. XIII. ISLAND POND, VERMONT, JANUARY 22, 1886. NO. 52.

DISTANCE.

On softening days, when a storm was near,
At the farmhouse door I have stood in the gray,
And caught in the distance, faint but clear,
The sound of a train, passing, far away.
The warning bell when the start was made,
The engine's puffing of smoke unseen,
With the heavy rumble as wheels obeyed—
Across the miles between.

And so sometimes, on a moonless night,
When the stars shine soft and the wind is low,
To my listening soul, in the pallid light,
Come the trembling voices of long ago
The tuneful echoes when hope was young.
The tender song of love serene,
And the throbbing rhythm of passion's tongue—
Across the years between.

—*Margaret W. Hamilton.*

MY DAY.

How long is that of most people, I wonder? Some perhaps can number the full six hundred and thirteen thousand six hundred and eight hours of the allotted threescore years and ten, while others outlast the pre-Adamic day of the geologist, and cover all eternity. But mine was just the ordinary daylight one, the shortest in the year, too, for it was the 21st of December.

And even short as it was, I had already wasted some hours of it. Had I thought it would have set so soon I might have been up at its dawning, though usually I hold, with Lever, that the sun looks best—as every one else does—when he's up and dressed for the day, and that its a piece of impertinent curiosity to peep at him when he's raising and at his toilet; he has not rubbed the clouds out of his eyes, or you dared not look at him. But when one's sun shines such a little while as mine, might not one be pardoned for rushing to the levee at an unfashionable hour.

Yet it was noon before I was out in the bright glow, trudging down the lane with yesterday's fall of snow crisping under my feet, and last night's sleet clashing overhead, as the wind caught at the straggling, overgrown hedge-row boughs and sent them ringing together with such an icy jeweled flash and splendor of green and gold and red and blue as summer with all her wealth of leaves and blossoms, could not rival. The very splendor promised the glittering mockery but a short life; the sun is a traitor with his kisses, and the warmth of them would soon wither away the snow wreaths, making their delicate mimicry of the white May and the hawthorn in the hedge. But meantime they were very fair, and the snow lay light and white under the great peach orchards that had their icy sparkle too, as they swept away, with gentle undulations, right and left of the still lane. And the blue sky had the merest snowflake of a cloud drifting along, and the sun was shining full upon me, and somehow a glint of it had got into my heart, though there was nothing in particular to bring it there. Yet I did not intend to mope. Aunt Margaret and the girls were friendly and kind, and the least I could do would be to put aside the shadow of my crape, and show them a contented face. And so—

Perhaps something more than content flashed into it just then, when that thought of mine was broken short off by a clatter of those hedge-row boughs, and some one sprang down through the gap, bringing with him a little clatter of falling icicles into the road before me. For, as we shook hands, there was a pleased look in his eyes, and he said, with some abruptness:

"You are a little glad to see me? You won't mind my finishing your walk with you?"

I tried to answer carelessly, though it was not so easy, under that gaze of his. "Oh, if you are of a zoological turn this morning, I am going in search of foxtail and crowfoot. I marked a quite splendid bed down by the brook in the woods in a sheltered spot where I dare say this light snow has not covered it. The girls tell me they are not in the habit of putting evergreens about the house, but I always did it at home, and——"

He understood me at once. He said, with his rare gentleness: "And you are trying hard to keep some of the old feeling about you. You must forgive me if I cannot help seeing something of your brave struggle, and yearning to help you in it."

Yearning! It was a strong word, but his eyes made it stronger, as I could not help glancing up to see. And before, in my confusion, I could drop mine again, somehow my muff was on the snow at our feet, and both my hands were in his.

"Miss Deane—Annie—I *can* help you—with my whole life, Annie!"

And, after that, is it any wonder if the sun shone straight into my heart?

I don't think our researches would have added much to the cause of either zoology or botany that day. On the latter especially my lover would have made strange confusion, insisting that we were passing under quite a number of mistletoe boughs, if my superior knowledge of the science had not set him right. We did find the crowfoot, however, and, as I had expected, not too deep in the snow. But when he had torn up a long spray of it and flung it trailing over my shoulder, I stayed his hand. Madge and I could come another day for some—there was plenty of time—but to-day's in-gatherings I meant to keep all to myself.

At least for this one day, I told him, when we had reached the house, and paused together in the porch. For this one day we would not call in any one, however friendly, to see what it had brought me; but to-night, when he was gone, then I would tell Aunt Margaret that I was to be his wife. I said the word in a little flutter as we stood together, for already he had been asking me how long I meant to keep his own from him. As I said it, I glanced up shyly at him, and it would have discomfited me to see how his face changed, paling at that word, if his hand had not closed on mine with a tightening grasp which made me ashamed of a dawning doubt that he wanted it.

"Annie—"

The voice, full of a strange pain, startled me. Could this day have any pain in it?

Perhaps he read that thought—he was always so quick to understand—for he said: "I have a story to tell you, Annie, a story that may take some of the brightness out of this hour for you, as it has taken all the brightness out of the last seven years of my life until now. Shall I tell it you now? Or can you trust me that it is nothing which ought to part us? and would you rather wait to hear it until to-morrow?"

I could trust him; ay, rather, I could not distrust him; and I told him so. 'Let us live this day out without a shadow; afterward, if shadows must come, he should lead me safely through them.

"There is no danger in the shadow, Annie; there is only something for us both to forget."

"Let us forget it now, then. See, there is Aunt Margaret at the window signing to me; she is afraid I shall let her neighbor so offend against her good old-fashioned hospitality as to go away to his bachelor's hall, when it is three o'clock and our dinner hour."

The shortest day of all the year. We were watching its setting from the library window, we two left alone, for Madge and Fanny had driven into the village for the mail, and Aunt Margaret was summoned to one of those kitchen-cabinet councils which grew more and more frequent under old Lethe's administration. So we two were standing together in the bay-window, watching the crimson glow fade off from the wide snow stretch of lawn that sloped down to the lane, dotted here and there with a black-green pyramid of fir, between the naked oaks, when presently I caught sight of something moving across their shadows flung stiff and dark across the white.

"Some one is coming," I said, breaking the happy silence. "A lady, I thought—though I wonder who it could be, walking."

"What a bore!"

"Oh, she'll not be shown in here, unless you feel disposed to go to Aunt Margaret's assistance—".

Here I saw the side door of the library opening from the lawn. The visitor must have observed us at the window; some one on sufficiently unceremonious terms.

It was a stranger.

She had closed the door behind her, and had come forward into the full glow of the wood fire blazing on the hearth. A stranger, certainly; If I had ever seen her before, I should never have forgotten her.

She was standing on the hearth, and drew her slender gloved hands out of the folds of her cashmere shawl, holding them to the warmth, before she turned to us the fairest face I have ever seen—the fairest face one ever dreamed. Only that would have been a strange, Fouque-like dream in which such a vision should come.

It could not have been after-knowledge on my part, for before she spoke, while she still fronted us with that gay smile upon her perfect lips, I thought of Undine in her soulless loveliness, light-hearted, glad, careless of others' pain because she could not feel it. There is the Undine nature in a child too, for whom there exists no pain that does not bruise its own tender flesh, and that soft hardness made itself felt in every line and curve about this woman, as she stood there, white and golden, looking at us out of those great brilliant eyes, of which I have read somewhere:

"Alive in their depths, as the Kraken beneath the sea blue"—

eyes which I would fain have followed, for they fixed themselves on Brian. Only I could not, that face so held me.

"They told me at your house that you were here; and so I came," she said, still looking at Brian.

I turned and looked at him too, then; the clear, soft, shallow, child voice broke the spell.

But he never saw me. His eyes were riveted on her—just as a man might look who sees a ghost.

And then she smiled. She had been beautiful before, but now her beauty was bewildering. She stretched out her hands to him.

"Have you never a word of welcome, Brian, for your wife?"

He drew a long, hard breath, and passed his hand heavily over his eyes. He never once glanced my way, though I felt he saw me all the while. He answered her very slowly:

"How is it you are not dead, Louise? For nearly seven years you have allowed me to believe you were."

She laughed a mocking little laugh. Though she did not turn toward me, I knew she had flashed a glance at me.

"Have you been a disconsolate widower all that time, my poor Brian? It was very wicked of me, of course. But then, you see, I always hated poverty: and you were so very impecunious at that time, I really thought it better to die off your hands."

Here she turned suddenly to me with a sweet graciousness of manner, while her eyes, alive with mocking spirits, looked me through and through.

"My husband is a little remiss at introductions, so I find I must make myself known to you, as I see you are one of his friends. Every one has a skeleton in his closet, you know, and I present you to Brian's."

She made a playful courtesy as she spoke.

"Only he fancied it was laid away underground," she added. "Perhaps he has told you of our runaway match when he was at college, and how angry poor mamma was, and hushed the matter up, and carried me away to Europe to finish my school days there. And there it was that mamma made her brilliant second marriage—a real, true German baron; and we went away to Vienna to live. But first I died; for one must die—must not one?—to get into paradise. Brian would never have let me go there alive, so I sent him a lock of my hair and a little scrawling deathbed note inclosed in a letter from mamma's maid, who had helped us to run away the year before. You remember Fifine, Brian? She has come over with me now. Such a clever soul! I can't tell how I should ever, without her, have managed to keep myself informed of your movements, and of course I had to do that, for all widowers aren't so constant, and you might have married, you know—"

He interrupted her, hoarse with passion: "And how do I know that you—"

"Oh, Brian, how can you! As if that were not just what my stepfather and I quarreled about! After dear mamma died—she died last year" (with a pretty, plaintive fall in voice and eyelids, come and gone as swiftly as a child's grave look)—"he was quite set on making a match for me; and of course that wouldn't do at all, you know. Dear mamma was content to let me enjoy life my own way; but after she was gone, the steppapa became just a little difficult. And so — Well, Brian, I knew you were no longer a poor man, and that I should not drag you down now. And so I have come back to you, if you will have me." She put out her hands then in the prettiest pleading way. If I had been a man—

But Brian did not soften in the least. He had pent up his wrath now, and had it under his control; but his voice was still hoarse as he said to her:

"I shall take pains to learn whether all this is truth. Meanwhile we will not trespass any longer upon Miss Deane's patience. I shall take you back to my house, and will set out within the hour for Vienna. Miss Deane will pardon——"

There he broke off huskily. He had not once lifted his eyes to me since first they fell upon her shadow, which the waning sunset cast between us.

But—how I had the strength I do not know—but I went straight up to her and took her hand, and kissed her on the pretty smooth white brow as she lifted up her face to mine. Is there woman born who can keep anger for a pretty child? And there are some people who never outgrow the charm and irresponsibility of childhood; if they pluck at one's heart-strings with their careless fingers until one could be stung into giving them a blow or a shake, one must kiss and be friends afterward." And then I turned to him—I must have had a vision of how it would all end: for she was wonderfully fair; she had been his first love; she would be his last. I turned to him.

"I am sure you will find all as she has said, and that you will forgive her. I don't think I shall be here still when you come back from your long journey, so you must let me give you my best wishes now."

Our hands met for an instant—not our eyes; we neither of us could bear that. Then our hands fell apart, and presently I was alone.

My day was over; twilight darkened in window, grey and blank.

And after twilight?

Just a paragraph in a book I have been turning over by my solitary fireside to-night has set me thinking of all this. It says:

"There are women who live all their lives long in the cold white moonlight of other people's reflected joy. It is not a bad kind of light to live, after all. It may leave some dark, ghostly corners in the heart unwarmed, but, like other moonlight, it lets a great deal be seen overhead that sunshine hides."—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Case of Joseph Meister.

By the application of this method, says M. Pasteur in the *Popular Science Monthly*, I had succeeded in getting fifty dogs, of various ages and races, proof against rabies without having had a single failure, when, on the 6th of July last, three persons from Alsace unexpectedly presented themselves at my laboratory. Theodore Vone, a grocer at Meissengott, near Schelstadt, who had been bitten in the arm on the 4th of July by his own dog, became mad; Joseph Meister, nine years of age, who had been bitten by the same dog at 8 o'clock in the morning of the same day, and who, thrown to the ground by the dog, bore the marks of numerous bites on his hands, legs, and thighs, some of them so deep as to make walking hard for him. The more serious wounds had been cauterized only twelve hours after the accident, or at 8 o'clock in the evening of the same day, with phenic acid, by Dr. Weber, of Ville; the third person who had not been bitten, was the mother of Joseph Meister.

At the autopsy of the dog, which had been killed by its master, we found its stomach filled with hay, straw and pieces of wood. It was certainly mad. Joseph Meister had been picked up from under it covered with froth and blood. M. Vone had marked bruises on his arms, but he assured me that the dog's teeth had not gone through his shirt. As he had nothing to fear, I told him he might go back to Alsace the same day, and he did so; but I kept little Meister and his mother.

The weekly meeting of the Academy of Sciences took place on the 6th of July. I saw our associate, Dr. Vulpian, there, and told him what had passed. He and Dr. Grancher, professor in the Ecole do Medicine, had the kindness to come and see little Joseph Meister at once, and ascertain his condition and the number of his wounds, of which there were no less than fourteen. The opinion of these two physicians was that, in consequence of the severity and number of the bites upon him, Joseph Meister was almost certain to have hydrophobia. I then informed them of the new results which I had obtained in the study of rabies since the address I had delivered at Copenhagen a year previously. The death of this child seeming inevitable, I decided, not without considerable and deep anxiety, as you may imagine, to try upon him the method with which I had had constant success on dogs.

A Lucky Confectioner.

A German confectioner, while tramping through Turkey a short time ago, saluted the Sultan vigorously as the latter drove past. Unaccustomed to such an exhibition of cordiality, one of the sultan's officers thought it best to inquire if it had any significance. His explanation proving satisfactory and his innocence clear, and the avowal of his avocation, moreover, creating evident interest, the man was dismissed with a present and an injunction to turn up the next day with a clean skin and new clothes. The result of the second interview was that the confectioner was set to making pastry, and his success was so complete that he was engaged right off at a salary of 500 piasters per month. The pastry found its way to the sultan's table, and his highness was so pleased with it that he made the stranger his confectioner at once, with 1,000 piasters a month for making tarts.

A new industry has sprang up at New Orleans. Heads of large fish are dried, mounted and sold for table and mantel ornaments.

A GREAT ARMY OF SEALS.

MILLIONS OF THEM FOUND ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

Habits of the Seals—Mothers Teaching Their Young With Tender Solicitude—Ferocious Males.

In the Greenland seas the seals spend the two or three summer months, and as early winter sets in with September they begin their Southern migrations, keeping ahead of the ice as it forms, and moving toward the coast of Labrador, feeding in its fiords and bays as they move. Small detachments lead the way, like pioneers, and behind them moves the great army in one continuous mass. It occupies days in passing certain points, and appears to fill the seas as far as the eye can reach, impressing the beholder with an idea of the vast number of seals on whose ranks the hunters have for more than eighty years been making systematic onslaughts, without apparent reduction of the supply. Onward the great army marches, driven from behind by the fast forming ice, past the straits of Belle Isle, past Newfoundland, to the Grand Banks, their Southern headquarters, just as the Greenland seas are their summer homes. Here they feast upon swarms of fish till the beginning of February, when they begin their retreat northward to the very ice they have just escaped, and there, upon the great ice argosies descending upon the Arctic currents, they bring forth their young in February.

A Newfoundland law forbids sailing vessels to depart for the seal hunt before the 1st of March, and the steamers are not allowed until the 10th of that month.

The vessels arrive when the baby seals, or "white coats," are three or four weeks old, still dependent upon their mother for subsistence, and unable to escape from the hunters. Their bodies are covered with a very thick layer of fat, and they are far preferable, for this reason, to the older seals. When the baby is six weeks old it drops its yellowish white coat, and becomes a "ragged coat," and at this stage they begin to "dip," or take to the water. It is very amusing to watch a mother seal trying to teach a young one to swim properly. Just as the eagle stirs up her young and encourages them to use their wings, so the mother seals tumble the babies into the water and give them swimming lessons.

The old seal pushes the little one along toward the edge of the ice, the baby all the while whimpering and sobbing and vainly trying to resist the steady pressure from behind. When at last it falls into the water it sobs so piteously that even the mother is ashamed of herself and helps her dear offspring back upon the ice. Every few hours this is repeated, and soon the young can swim and dive, and then the vast nursery disappears. When they are in danger from rafting ice or fragments of floes dashed about by the wind and likely to crush them, the self-sacrificing affection of the mothers leads them to brave all dangers, and they are seen helping their young to places of safety in the unbroken ice, sometimes clasping them in their fore flappers and swimming with them, or pushing them forward with their noses.

The maternal instinct appears to be peculiarly strong in the female seal, and the tenderness with which the mothers watch their offspring is most touching. When the young seals are cradled on the ice the mothers remain in the neighborhood, going off each morning to fish, and returning at intervals to give them suck. It is an extraordinary fact that old seals manage to keep holes in the ice open and prevent them freezing over. On returning from a fishing excursion extending over fifty or a hundred miles, each mother seal manages to find the hole by which she took her departure, and to discover her own snow-white cub, which she proceeds to fondle and suckle. This is certainly one of the most remarkable achievements of animal instinct. The young "whitecoats" are scattered in myriads over the ice field. During the absence of the mother the ice field has shifted in position, perhaps many miles, being borne on the current. Yet each mother seal is able to pick out her own cub from the immense herd with unerring accuracy. It is quite touching to witness their signs of distress and grief when they return to find only a pool of blood and a skinless carcass instead of their whimpering little ones.

In the seas around Newfoundland and Labrador there are four species of seals—the bay seal, the harp, the hood, and the square flipper. The first and the last are comparatively rare, and when taken are of little commercial importance. The harp seal—the seal of commerce—is so called from having a broad, curved line of connected dark spots proceeding from each shoulder, and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming a figure like an ancient harp. The old harp seals alone have this figuring, and not till their second year.

The hood seal is much larger and more ferocious than the harp. The male, called by the hunters "the dog-hood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed he inflates his hood so as to cover his face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creatures when his sensitive nose is thus protected, unless he is shot in the side of the head and a little behind it, so as to strike him in the neck or the base of the skull. The hoods bring forth their young two or three weeks later than the harps, and are generally found further from the shore on the ice fields, and also further to the north. The two species are never found together, unless mingled by some convulsion of the ice. The male and female hood are generally found together, and it is a rule among hunters to kill the male first; and if they fall in this, and kill the female, the "dog becomes furious, inflates his hood, while his nostrils dilate into two huge bladders. His appearance is now terrific, and, with uncouth floundering leaps, he rushes on his foe with tremendous fury. Instances have occurred where a fight between an old dog-hood and five or six men has lasted an hour, and sometimes a hunter is fearfully torn and even killed in the encounter; this, of course, only happening when the space is limited in which to fight this monster. They have been known to seize the handspikes with which the hunters were beating them and wrench them from their strong grasp with a giant strength.

It is related that on one occasion two hunters attacked a pair of hoods and imprudently killed the female. The "dog" immediately inflated his hood and rushed at them furiously. They fought him with their gaffs till nearly exhausted, and a terrible death threatened both. As a last desperate resource one of them resolved to dash in upon the infuriated brute, while the other stood ready for the emergency. Drawing his jacknife the hunter rushed on the dog, and stuck it by a well-planted blow into the inflated hood. Instantly the air escaped, the shield was rendered useless, and a blow or two on the nose from the gaff of the other dispatched him.—*New York Sun.*

Congressmen's Lost Limbs

Something was said in this correspondence about the battle-scarred head of a member from North Carolina, Colonel Colwes. A deep furrow in the top of his well-shaped head shows to the downlookers in the gallery how a sabre cut nearly ended his life in the terrible battle in front of Petersburg. He was twice wounded during the war, once through the body in the battle of Mine Run in '63 and again in '65 at Petersburg. Two of his colleagues from North Carolina also received wounds in the Confederate service—General Cox and Mr. T. D. Johnston, who is still an invalid from three desperate wounds received at Malvern Hill, and which nearly cost him his life. Ohio has some battle-scarred veterans who fought on the other side. General Warner, of silver fame, was severely wounded at Antietam. Lieutenant Thompson, of the Twelfth Ohio district, received wounds during his service in a Pennsylvania regiment, which were so severe as to require him to withdraw from the army. Congressman Brown, of Cincinnati, lost his left leg in front of Atlanta, but refused to let that end his duties, serving as provost marshal while recovering from his wounds, and subsequently receiving promotions in honor of "gallant and meritorious service." Gen. Bingham, of Philadelphia, who represents the first Pennsylvania district, still suffers from an old wound received at Gettysburg. Congressman Jackson, of the Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania district, bears evidence of his service in a wound received at Corinth. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, lost his right leg in the Confederate service at Brandy Station in 1863, but uses his artificial leg so well that you would scarcely suspect its presence. Mr. Aiken, of the same State, was so badly shot through the lungs at Antietam that his life was despaired of, but he finally recovered and continued in the Confederate service until nearly the close of the war. Mr. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, was several times wounded, as was also his colleage, Congressman Cabell, of the same State. John Warwick Daniel, of Virginia, who was elected Senator on the day that he was sworn in a member of the House, walks with crutches as the result of his battle experience. Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, who has enjoyed the reputation of being the youngest Senator, received a wound while a mere boy in the Confederate service. Congressman Baker, of New York, was disabled at the first battle of Bull Run. So was Congressman Haynes, of New Hampshire. Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, was so severely wounded at Lovejoy Station as to prevent his further war service. Mr., Crutcheon of the Ninth Michigan district, was twice wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, but on recovery resumed service, which continued to the end of the war. Congressman Stone, of Kentucky, gave a leg to the Confederate service and now walks with a crutch instead. The Hon. Thomas Ryan, who represents the fourth Kansas district, was so badly wounded at the battle of the Wilderness as to require his retirement from the Union service. Congressman Henderson, of Iowa lost a leg in the Union service. Colonel Morrison, of Illinois was shot through the lungs in one of the battles of the war, and was laid upon the same bed occupied by General Logan, who was wounded in the same battle. Colonel Davidson, of the first Florida district was wounded in '64 so that he was unable to render further service to the Confederacy. Senator Hawley received a wound in the Union service. So did Senator Miller of California; so did Congressman Symes of Colorado; so did Congressman Herbert of Alabama, in the Confederate service, who was disabled at the battle of the Wilderness, and so did General Oates, also of that State, who received no less than six wounds, finally losing his right arm in front of Richmond in the twenty-seventh battle in which he was engaged.—*Nashville Union.*

Useful in Many Ways.

Never throw away old paper. If you have no wish to sell it, use it in the house. Some housekeepers prefer it to cloth for cleaning many articles of furniture. After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping a tea-kettle, coffeepot, and teapot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tinware and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Preserved fruit is not so apt to mold if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the jar, is laid directly over the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it.

Acres of Sunflowers.

Very many of the spring chickens sold in this city are raised on sunflower seed. At many points in New Jersey there are chicken farms where chickens are raised by the thousand. Many receive their first start in life from the incubator, and when large enough are put on a diet of sunflower seeds, which are full of oil and are very fattening. The sunflower gives little trouble to the farmer, as it is a hardy plant and grows without cultivation. Some farmers plant three or four acres of sunflowers, and such fields have a surprisingly gaudy appearance. The perfume is sickening, but when turned into spring chicken the sunflower becomes a pleasant table ornament.—*New York Sun.*

BE KIND.

Oh, be kind to those who love you!
Grieve no human love away!
Twine it tenderly about you,
Let it bless you day by day,
Tho' the sunlight now may dazzle,
Life has many a clouded sky;
Hoard your treasures of affection,
You will need them by and by.

Oh! be kind to those who love you!
Give them gladness while you may!
Here to-day, to-morrow's sunrise
May behold them pass away.
Lavish love on all around you;
Smiles and sunshine freely strew;
And, like bread upon the waters,
They will yet return to you.

—*Lillie Sheldon, in Inter-Ocean.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A smart boy—Just after a whipping.

Even the honest farmer will water his stock.—*Call.*

Better an empty head than one with a cold in it.—*Life.*

There is one thing that is always pretty sound about a church, and that is the bell.

No man should complain about his lot—unless it be a lot of old rubbish.—*Hot Springs News.*

A philosopher says that the best way to avoid getting into debt is to die young.—*Boston Budget.*

THIRTY-TWO DEGREES.

The way to school the small boy hateth,
On learning, turns his back, and skateth.

—*Life.*

If a passion, like love, grows by what it feeds upon, there is no doubt the wish is fodder to the thought.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It costs $10,000 to convert a South Sea cannibal to Christianity, and then he is only worth $9 a week in a dime show.—*Fall River Advance.*

IN CANADA.

The firelight dances on the walls,
My heart throbs with love's elation,
When like a cat my darling squalls—
"Ouch! Dear, don't squeeze my vaccination!"

—*Burdette.*

"I want the music of the 'Mikado,'" said a little boy, entering a New York music store. "For singing, or for the piano?" "I don't want it for either, I want it for my sister."—*Siftings.*

Dio Lewis says that we busy, high pressure "Americans should go to bed at 9 and rise at 5. Such things make us tired. How can a man get out of bed four hours before he lies down?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

We see by the burning of a cigar store in Chicago nearly a million cigars were smoked up at one sitting. Did it make anybody sick? you ask. You bet, simple one. It made the owner of the store sick. —*Burdette.*

Another of the old settlers is gone. We had a piece of him at our landlady's table this morning. Immediately beneath the epidermic formation from his back we found a piece of eggshell, bearing the legend, "Laid 1849."—*St. Paul Herald.*

A standard target for American riflemen has just been adopted by the clubs of the United States, which have had the matter under discussion for several months. We hope it is large enough to protect the indiscreet cows and pigs that wander about the various ranges.—*Boston Post.*

A Great Hop Field.

A Tacoma (Wyoming Territory) correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* says: "At the rear of the house appeared to me a rare scene. Here stood acres of hop-vines, wonderfully luxuriant in growth, and falling in rich brown festoons from poles eighteen or twenty feet in height. From these masses of vines not a single hop had been picked this year, and they were now laden with their scaly fruitage. From the leafy crown on each pole dripped a shower of glistening drops, producing all over the field a ringing pit-pat as they touched the ground, while above them, exhaled under the increasing heat of the sun, rose thin clouds of shining vapor. On every hand tall trees hemmed the clearing in. There were only two dwellings in sight. One of these stood across the river slightly obscured by mist. As everybody knows, the excessive dampness of the sound country is due to its position between the Great Sea and the Cascade Mountains. The vapors exhaled from the ocean, not being able, as they roll inland, to surmount these mighty summits, are turned back, condensed and precipitated to the earth in plentiful rains, fogs and mists.

"I have said that from these sixty-three acres of hops not a bale has been marketed this season, nor will be. 'Why is that?' Simply because the price of hops this year at the picking season was too low to pay for harvesting. The owner had sunk several thousand dollars in the cultivation of his crop. The picking and curing would add several thousands more to the amount, and, as he believed, from the tendency of the market, would put nothing in his pocket. So he let the acrid fruit hang. Further along the season it will fall to the ground and the money with it. Next spring both will be plowed under, the combination forming one of the most unique fertilizers ever employed. It turned out, however, when too late to harvest, that the market improved a little, enough so that something like $2,000 might have been put in bank had the ingathering taken place. Last year's crop on these same acres sold for nearly $14,000. From this statement may be formed some idea of the loss sustained the present season.

"The average yield of hops per acre in any of these extremely fertile valleys is from 1,800 to 2,000 pounds. In specially favored locations it amounts up to 3,000 pounds, while on thin soils it may drop to 1,000.

Bull against Buck.

A remarkable fight occurred recently on the farm of the Hon. Oscar Turner in Ballard county between a large Durham bull, belonging to Col. Turner, and a buck weighing over 200 pounds. Both were found in the forest dead, only a few feet apart. The bull had been gored three times by the buck, the last thrust entering the animal's heart, and must have killed him almost instantly. The deer was dreadfully bruised, though the skin had not been cut through. The ground where the fight occurred was cut up by the feet of the animals.—*Louisville Post.*